HAWAII AND HER PEOPLE.

Pretty Girls and Flowers, and Dreamy Indolence---Great Fortunes In Sugar.

H. G. T. in Kansas City Star: Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, July 20.—A former United States minister in Honolulu once remarked that it was a good thing for good old St. Anthony that his visitants were not of Hawaiian origin. The half-caste Kanaka women are far and away the most attractive among the Pacific ocean islands. They have clear, brown complexions, petite plump figures, hair as black as the raven's wing, eyes of deep, dreamy, dark sensuousness, and white strong teeth. They are cleanliness itself, for they almost live in the water. They love to please and the lessons of saying "no" were never learned by them. Light-heartedness and tenderness are characteristics. They age early, like the females of all tropical countries, but when young are irresistible.

On these islands many a world-worn and sea-buffeted man has sunk into

MISS ARMSTRONG OF HONOLULU.
(Her mother is a pure-blood Kanaka, a distant relative of King Kalakana. Her father is Henry Armstrong, a Connecticut missionary's son, now a rich sugar planter in Hawaii.)

lethargy, the world forgetting, by the world forgot. He has slumbered on for a generation. His brown children played around him; the breeze of the ocean caressed him; the palm tempered the shade of the constant sun; his wives were his hand-maidens; nature was his provider; he was chief of his village; he did not long feverishly for the coming of pay day; the bill collector was but a memory; yesterday was as today and today as tomorrow. Why should he not have laughed and slyly shaken his head as told in story when an errant ship strayed to those shores and his countrymen offered him a passage home? "Here are rest and fair dreams," he said. "Around you rolls the blue expanse that looks so fair and is so cruel. Its fish shall feed you. The wine of the banana will make you glad. The girls will love you. Stay you with me."

The street scenes always interest visitors here. White duck suits and Panama hats, the latter ribboned with delicate shades of silk, and muslin dresses with wide-brimmed leghorn hats are common among the upper classes and give an equatorial glamour to the passing show. The prevalent Kanaka man is picturesque in a straw hat bound with flowers and peacock feathers, a neglige suit with floral circlets hung about the shoulders, his feet unshod, and his attitude supremely restful.

WREATHED WITH FLOWERS.

The native woman wears a bright colored Mother Hubbard gown, and a wreath of flowers which is called "leis," and she, too, goes barefooted. She is always neat and is never without a wreath of flowers and vines about her head or waist. No one accuses her of prudishness and she is likely to have an unappeasable appetite for poi, raw fish and the hula dance.

Among the natives social restrictions have always been somewhat lax, and the Yankee missionaries have had to combat this characteristic among the Hawaiians more ardently than anything else.

There are on the streets people from every oriental nation—Japanese merchants and policemen; Chinese laborers, peddlers and horsemen; Siamese fishermen; planters from the Philipine islands; British and American men-of-war's-men and tourists from every civilized country. There are hundreds whose nativity it is hard to trace. Not infrequently intermarriage occurs between Chinese and Kanakas, Japanese and Portuguese, Americans and half-caste native women, and the issue is a sort of composite which, it must be confessed, is often an improvement on the mated types.

A VARIED BILL OF FARE.

It is not the dress that determines one's standing in this cosmopolitan Hawaii, but his diet. The aristocratic may dine on oysters from the Chesapeake bay and mushrooms from the south of France; the Britishers have their roasts of beef every day, notwithstanding the warm temperature; the Chinese confine their diet to rice, and the Portuguese have all manner of dishes reeking with garlic and chilis. For the Kanaka there is abundant poi, an edible that might pass for bill posters' paste five days old, dried and smoked squid, cooked seaweed, raw mullet, dog roasted in ti leaves and a combustible drink made from the fermentation of a root. For the Japanese and their cousins of the flowery kingdom the islands supply rice and dried sharks' fins. Tons of home products for the oriental table arrive on every steamer from Yokohama and Hongkong. From all this provender, native and foreign, domestic or imported, the civilized kitchens of the city are able to make a discriminating choice which gives the bills of fare at some Honolulu entertainments a peculiar piquancy.

AMERICANS THE RULING CLASS.

The color line divides society in Honolulu. The Americans are on the top wave of society. The best class of white people are refined, polished and accomplished, and their hospitality is superb. In this society is a large admixture of the New England religious element, sprung from the missionary families which came here between 1825 and 1850. To be sure the men and the women of this generation have lost about all the sternness and rigidity of their Puritan ancestors. Everyone changes somewhat in this land of sensuousness and early maturity. These descendants of the missionaries are very proud of their lineage. They support the churches and back all religious and moral movements.

Many of the half-caste families are thoroughly educated, and are familiar with European capitals and languages. They live in luxurious homes filled with the product of American, English and French handicraft and art. At this time many of them are living upon allowances, their thriftless mode of life, now represented in mortgaged estates, having made it necessary to put their affairs in the hands of trustees. In the winter season, when hundreds of American, English and French tourists come here, there may be weeks of picnics among the banana and cocoanut trees, evening dancing at the hotel, dinners and receptions at the great roomy residences of the English and Americans, who came here a generation ago, married Kanaka girls, inherited from them great amounts of land, and got rich in growing sugar for the United States.

The drives about the Hawaiian capital are picturesque. They run past groves of the cocoanut palms and rack-and a song in the Hawaiian dialect, which, it is said, could not bear the exposure of civilized print. At the outset of the dance the hula girls appear in the middle of a square or ring. Seated on the ground behind them are the musicians. The ballet wears cotton frocks, with leis on their heads and shoulders. Their legs are bare to the knee; around their ankles are circles of wool, and as they move the dancers exhale the odor of cocoanut oil. A strident chant from some toothless hag among the squatted orchestra starts the hula, and as it proceeds the music grows louder and more discordant. Each hula lasts from 10 to 15 minutes, and then the performers pause to refresh themselves with gin. This beverage costs about 20 cents a quart, and but for the use of poi, which coats the inflamed walls of the drinker's stomach with a soothing lotion, it would prove a speedy exterminator of the hula dancers.

HAWAIIAN FISHING.

For recreation the native goes fishing. He strips himself of clothing down to the simple clout, and pushes off in a long, narrow canoe with outriggers into the still water behind the coral wall, guiding his frail craft with paddles. He feels his way to some narrow break in the jagged cordon of reefs, and waits until the last and highest comber has wasted itself in the shallows. In the nick of time he shoots his canoe through the channel and it rides over the waves like a water fowl, pausing on easy swells beyond. The depth is about five fathoms, and the ocean floor shows acres of gleaming sand with archipelagoes of coral rock sprawling darkly on silvery plains. But the fish are farther out, and the native paddles along until his craft rests over a depth of 100 fathoms. The canoe is a mere racing shell, as cranky as a scooped-out log, but the angler knows its tricks and stands upright in it, leans over its side or walks from stem to stern. His fishing gear is quickly adjusted. He has a stout grass line, such as nets and the warp of the royal feather cloak are made of. Slender as it looks, it will stand a powerful strain. The cord is tied to a piece of gas pipe three feet long, which hangs in the deep water like a horizontal bar and serves as a sinker and as a rod to hold the three short lines to which the hooks are tied. This device is dropped half way to the bottom, and the angler prepares for his work with a long pull at his gin bottle and a hearty "Here's good-bye to all of you," in his native tongue.

There is a tug at the line. The Kanaka hauls in quickly and brings two three-pounders to the surface, where they gleam like flakes of gold. He baits anew, and in a few moments another yellow fish, or perhaps a red snapper and a banded sea perch reward his industry. Hour by hour he casts his line and he is bound to fish until his gin gives out. Then he loses interest in his sport and turns his craft homeward. He paddles his canoe into the surf, where, caught by the breakers, it is sped arrow-like to the shore.

The old way of fishing is varied somewhat by the use of dynamite. A whaleboat manned by seven hardy Kanakas, one of whom steers it with an oar, is rowed out near a reef, and a stick of dynamite with a lighted fuse is tossed overboard. When the explosion comes two or three of the oarsmen, with scoop nets in hand, dive into the sea and gather most of the fish before they rise to the surface.

GREAT FORTUNES EASILY MADE.

The world knows comparatively nothing about the great fortunes that have been amassed in Hawaii in the last 30 years. The children of the Yankee missionaries who sailed from Boston and Gloucester around the Horn to carry the gospel to the Sandwish islands in the '20s and '40s are the richest and most aristocratic people in Honolulu. For mere songs the sons of missionaries obtained great tracts of marvelously fertile soil for sugar planting in the valleys of the islands, and, with their natural enterprise and inventive spirit they developed the greatest sugar cane plantations in the world.

When the United States gave a treaty to the Hawaiian kingdom, putting Hawaiian raw sugar on the free tariff list, the profits of the sugar planters went up at a bound. For 25 years the dividends of several of the Yankee companies operating sugar plantations and mills in the islands ranged from 15 to 30 per cent a year. The Hawaiian Commercial Sugar company paid 24 per cent dividends annually from 1870 to 1882. The world has never known productiveness so rich as that of the valleys of Maui and Hawaii for sugar cane. The seed had only to be planted and the rains fell and nature did the rest. One tract of 12,000 acres of land on Maui was given to a young American, who married a bewitching Kanaka girl, by her father, who was delighted to have a pale-faced son-in-law. It was worth about $200 at that time. The tract subsequently became a part of a great sugar plantation. It was bought by Clause Spreckels for $175,000, and is worth much more than that now. The Spreckelses, Alexander, Bishop, Smith and Akers, accumulated millions in one generation of sugar cultivation in the Hawaiian islands.

THE MARVELOUS VOLCANOES.

The volcanoes of Hawaii should have a chapter of description by themselves. They are a class by themselves. They are not only the tallest, but the biggest and strangest in the whole world. Considering that they reach from the bottom of the Pacific ocean (18,000 feet deep here) to over 15,000 feet above sea level, they really stand 33,000 feet high from their sub-oceanic base to their peaks. The active craters on the islands number 300, but the dead craters, the ancient chimneys of subterranean lava beds, are numbered by the thousands. The islands are of lavic formation. Evidences of extinct volcanoes are so common that one seldom notices them after a few weeks on the islands. Ancient lava is present everywhere. The natives know all its virtues, and while some ancient deposits of lava are used as a fertilizer for soils, other lava beds are blasted for building material and for macadamizing roads. Titanic volcanic action is apparent on every side. Every headland is an extinct volcano. Every island his its special center eruption, which, beginning at the unfathomable bottom of the sea, has slowly built up a foundation and then a superstructure of lava. On the island of Hawaii and on Molokai are huge cracks several thousands of feet deep and many yards wide, which were formed by the bursting upward of lava beds ages and ages ago. The marks of the Titanic force are plainly visible.

THE ACTIVE ONES.

Mark Twain is authority for saying that the two great active volcanoes, Mauna Loa and Kilauea, on the island of Hawaii, are the most interesting in the world. Certainly they are the most unique. Mauna Loa is 14,000 feet above the sea level. Every six or seven years there is an eruption from its sides, and several times the flow of lava has threatened the ruin of the town of Hilo, 30 miles away. The crater on Mauna Loa is three miles in diameter and 600 feet deep. Over the crater hangs an illuminated vapor which may be seen at night over 200 miles distant. When Mauna Loa is in violent eruption a fountain of molten lava spouts every minute over 250 feet in the air, bursting into 10,000 brilliantly colored balls, like a monstrous Roman candle pyrotechnic. Then there is Kilauea—a shorter and flatter volcanic mountain, 16 miles distant. It has the greatest crater known—one nine miles across and from 300 to 800 feet deep. And such a crater! It is a literal lake of molten lava all the time. At times the lava is over 100 feet deep, and at other times it is 200 feet, according to the pressure on it deep in the bowels of the earth. Signs of volcanic activity are present all the time throughout the depth of the molten mass, in the form of steam, jets of sulphurous smoke and blowing cones. The crater itself is constantly rent and shaken by earthquakes. Nearly all tourists go to see the marvelous eruptions on Mauna Loa and Kilauea. Hotels have been built on the mountain sides for the accommodation of sight-seers, and there are plenty of guides about the craters.

BEAUTIFUL VIEWS.

Oahu has many places of interest outside of Honolulu. One may visit the sugar plantations, rice farms, and may go to Pearl harbor or the Punchbowl. The latter is an extinct volcano rising a few hundred feet above the town. Another resort is the Pali, the highest point in the pass through the range of mountains that divides Oahu. It is the fashion, and a very good fashion it is, to see the Pali and praise its charms. It is the Yosemite of Hawaii. The view from this height sweeps the whole island from north to south. In the direction of the capital the land slopes to a level two miles from the sea, and then spreads flatly to the shore. The hillsides are not, as a rule, in a state of cultivation, although the soil is fertile. The land is now cumbered with wild guava, which bears fruit as big as the lemon, and with the lantana, the seeds of which are scattered broadcast by an imported bird called the minah. On the lower ground small farmers, mostly Orientals, make their homes, and there are several cane plantations.

Turning the other way the sightseer gets one of the famous views of the world. From the apex of the pass to its northward drop is a sheer toboggan-like descent of nearly 1,000 feet. Far below the country spreads to the eye like a relief map. It undulates, with here and there a feathery farm, then a rice farm, great sugar ranches beyond, and in the distance the ocean, its blue waters thrust back by lava capes or sharp volcanic cones and cliffs. Closer by the mountain crags pierce the clouds. He who has not been to the Pali on a clear day has missed half the charm of Oahu.

The arrangement of the streets in Honolulu reminds many Americans of those in Boston or the older part of New York. All the streets are narrow but well kept, and, with a few exceptions, they meander here and there at will. A dozen thoroughfares are crescent shaped and twist and turn when one least expects it. All the streets are smooth and hard under a dressing of thousands of wagon loads of shells and lava pounded down and crushed by immense steam rollers brought from San Francisco.

Since the republic was formed in Hawaii the business part of Honolulu has grown fast. A number of commercial blocks worth $70,000 or $80,000 have been erected. Most of them are but two stories high, for no one in this land of rest and siestas is going to be induced to climb stairs. H. G. T. in Kansas City Star.

The production of soap in England is about 45,000 tons per week, of which between 3,000 and 4,000 tons are made in London.

A LAND OF INDOLENCE.

As in most warm countries, life on the islands is a genial idleness. People must work here as elsewhere, but they labor in a listless fashion, which does not heat the blood or impair the nerves. The Kanaka will not work at all.

One good effect of the subduing and emollient climate is seen in the paucity of crime. The island prison has only about 125 inmates, and these, when not required on public works, are leased as servants to private families. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon the prison bell rings and the convicts hurry to their bars. If one is late he finds the gates locked, and he cannot enter except by going through the keeper's office, where, unless he can make a good excuse, he will lose his credit marks. No prisoner ever thinks of running away.

MOSQUITOES NOT NATIVES.

The annoyances of life at Honolulu are the insects. The mosquito's name is legion. In the old times there were no mosquitos here. In fact, the name of them, except a variation of the English word, cannot be found in the Hawaiian language. The whaling ships brought the pests in their stagnant water butts, and ever since then the natives have held the harpooning gentry in distrust. Oddly enough, the mosquitos are of two kinds, those that trouble by day and those that ravage by night. The two species are quite distinct as to size and shape as well as to habits. People say the day watch seeks a quiet place on the wall after 6 o'clock in the afternoon, when the night watch turns out and swarms down upon the human pasture.

Great spiders, like the tarantula, the familiar centipede and the barbed scorpion infest the islands, but they are no more poisonous than the honey bee. Perhaps this is due to what they eat or the nature of their habitat, but whatever the reason is, the fact remains that they are not even dreaded by the children, who go among them with bare feet. Fortunately, there are no snakes to molest the Eves of the Pacific paradise. A speculative German imported some to kill the rats in the cane fields, but for once in their lives the Kanakas summoned up a little energy and slaughtered the consignment.

MANY THINGS IMPORTED.

The manufacturing industries of Honolulu are next to none at all, though the country has 25 sugar cane mills. This is an agricultural region exclusively. Most of what is worn and much of what is eaten comes from over the sea, some from the east and the remainder from the west. Canned goods, groceries, carriages, hats, shoes, furniture, crockery, household effects, nearly everything except coffee, taro, strawberries, poultry, grass mats and sugar, is imported. Even some hay is brought from California on every steamer.

The chief resource of the city, beyond what it derives from retail merchandizing, politics and tilling of its tributary soil, is the opulent tourist. He is a continual distributer of largess. To make him disgorge the hotel keeper lies in ambush and the hackman plies the brigand's trade. For the tourist the price of everything he wants that white men can supply soars on high. The Chinese sell him curios and clothing cheaply, but his Christian brother fleeces him until he has no wool.

THE HULA DANCE.

A surviving form of savagery among these tropical people may be seen on the sly any evening in the suburbs of Honolulu and among the plantations of the other islands. It is the hula dance, which was the universal dance here until 25 years ago, when the missionaries frowned it into unpopularity. The hula dance is the most complete display of barbarism which this quarter of the world affords. The motive of the dance is grossly sensual. Sometimes it is performed to the music of an orchestra, but the primitive accompaniment is the thumping of calabashes

ALLIHO KAMANEOLAH, A PURE-BLOOD NATIVE HAWAIIAN.
(She is a type of the most prepossessing beauty among the pure natives (Kanakas) in Honolulu. She is one of a family of nineteen children. Her father is the richest native sugar planter in Hawaii.)

NOTES ON BOOKS AND AUTHORS

New York, Aug. 3.—Mark Twain, in his book entitled "Roughing It," records the pains he suffered from encountering at every turn a familiar story of Hank Monk driving Horace Greeley across the mountains in a stage to keep a lecture engagement. To give the greater reality to the affliction he has one character after another appear in his narrative and actually tell the story, always precisely in the same words, so that the reader also, before he has done, has encountered it a number of times. I have had a parallel of this experience; and, oddly enough, in connection with Mark Twain.

There is a picturesque village of log and slab cottages, set up in the woods, on the top of one of the Catskill mountains, called Onteora. It is one of the summer settlements where everybody doesn't go, and it maintains something of a literary and artistic tone. At one time Mark Twain made a sojourn there, and it is on the veranda of the Onteora inn that he is standing in that familiar picture that shows him in a white suit, in company with Mr. Brander Matthews and Mr. Lawrence Hutton. And while inhabiting it he chanced to say of this inn, with scarcely less truth than humor, that the partitions were so thin that you could hear the woman in the next room change her mind.

I was lately planning a visit to Onteora for myself, and chanced to say so to some one who had been there. "Oh, you will find that," said he, "a charming place. Will you stop at the inn? There is a very good story in connection with that inn. Mark Twain was"—and he told the story of the thin partitions.

A day or two later I met another acquaintance who had knowledge of Onteora, and he, too, introduced the inn and recited the Mark Twain story. Then, shortly, I met yet another, and after him another and another, until finally I had heard the story not less than six times.

Then I set out myself for Onteora. On the way I met in the cars two persons—perhaps three—who said: "Oh, going to Onteora! Yes, yes; I know that place. It was there that Mark Twain said"—and then followed the story from absolutely every person I met. A few were shrewd enough only to allude to it as a thing I might possibly have heard, but most told it carefully in full, and not one, so far as I recall, omitted entirely to mention it.

On my last day there, as I sat on the veranda of the inn, two young men came and sat down near me. One of them I had seen about the place throughout my stay; the other I divined as a newcomer. In a moment I heard the former say: "Perhaps you have heard what Mark Twain said about this inn?" There was a questioning inflection in the tone of the sentence, undoubtedly, but it was so faint, so clearly not meant, that no kind person would have had the heart to take advantage of it; and the other man said "No." At once the story was told him, and his face during the recital was delightful to see. I knew from it as well as if he had said so in words, that already the poor fellow had heard that story more times than he could count.

The resident of Onteora whose presence does most to maintain its literary reputation is Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge. She has a very pretty cottage there, and while she lives in a way retiredly, she is still well identified with the social life of the village. Though the chief editor of St. Nicholas since its foundation in 1873, Mrs. Dodge has never been close shut in an office. Her work has been done for the most part at home, and she goes to her office only often enough to see that the work necessarily done there is done right.

In addition to being a busy editor, Mrs. Dodge has been also a voluminous writer. She began to write after the death of her husband, William Dodge, a lawyer of growing reputation at the time of his death, more than 30 years ago. "Hans Brinker, Or the Silver Skates," the book by which she is best known, was published in 1865. It did not find a publisher without some soliciting, and it was first brought out by rather an obscure house, which, after a few years, failed. But it has been a rare good book for the publisher; it must have sold by now not less than 60,000 copies in this country alone, and it has been translated into French, German, Italian, Dutch and Russian.

Mr. Shan F. Bullock, whose stories of Irish life begin to be known and relished in this country, is native to the land and people of which he writes, having been born in Ireland in 1865. His first book was published five years ago. His second book, "By Thrasna River," published in 1895, was the one, however, that first drew general attention to his special gift.

Messrs. Dodd & Mead have in hand, I understand, for early publication, a book of poems by Mr. Theodore Dreiser. Mr. Dreiser is a young man of German parentage, born at Terre Haute, Ind. For some years he has been maintaining himself by his pen here in New York, and he is known as a man who does literary task work with an intelligence and imagination that are apt to be lamentably absent from most such work. He has the poetic temperament, certainly, in good degree. I have been permitted to read a number of his poems, and none of them failed to suggest a rarely sensitive and refined mind back of it. They are apt, too, to the present life and time; they don't bother with the Greek mythology, and the passions they record are not for Cleopatra or any other purely conventional mistress of the heart. It is probably by their reality especially that they have won the approbation of Mr. Howells—for I am told that he has read them, and expressed a hearty liking for them. Mr. Dreiser's poetical temperament proves itself not a little in his way of life; allowing for the compliance inseparable from earning even the most modest living, he adheres to his own will and impulse with a quite exceptional independence, and manages to reserve a large share of his mind, most of the time, for his own fancies. The poems disclose that these fancies are far from being always sweet; but Dreiser, I suspect, is not without his pleasure in them, even when they are bitter.

The final condemnation of Emile Zola to a year's imprisonment is a hard lot, but not as hard for Zola as for many another. Presumably his imprisonment will not confine him to a narrow and dark cell; he will have a fair place for his writing desk, and that is, after all, the chief thing for him in life. He has made a gospel of hard work, not only for himself, but for mankind at large. Outside of hard work, he has proclaimed, there is no possible content in life. Of his own manner of work he said, a few years ago, to a visitor: "My faith is that hard work—that is to say, regular work—is the first essential for the production of a book. I am no impressionist, and I don't believe in work rapidly dashed off. The creation of a book takes much trouble and exacts much pains. When I start a book I never have any idea as to its plot, only, at most, a general idea of the subject, and the first thing that I do is to prepare a sketch or outline of the story. This I do, pen in hand, because ideas come to me only when I am writing. I can't think while I am idle. I write as though I were talking to myself, discussing the people, the scenes, the incidents. The sketch is a kind of chatty letter addressed to myself, which often equals in length the novel which is to spring from it. I then draw out the plan of the book, the list of characters and a most elaborate scenario. Then each character is studied in detail, the scenes that are to be described are visited and noted down, the incidents elaborately evolved.

"From four to six pages of manuscript of the size of a sheet of foolscap cut in half, is my average daily production. I write slowly and with some difficulty, and always think out my sentences so carefully that there are few, if any, corrections in my manuscript. I should say that 1,500 words is my daily output. It is not much, but consider what it makes at the end of the year. When I have done what I consider a fair daily contribution, I throw down my pen, even if I am in the middle of a sentence. But the subject is so much in my mind that the next morning I can resume the thread of my composition, even without reading over any part of what precedes. And so, day after day, I have added to my work, and look what a number of volumes have resulted from this method, slow and sure."

There are certain familiar forms in literary criticism that it seems to be very hard to avoid. For example, the Saturday Review, bent on making a cordial acknowledgment of the "Perennial charm" of Miss Mary E. Wilkins' stories, is moved to add that Miss Wilkins has a "somewhat dangerous abundance" in her production. The excessive production of novel and story writers has come to be to ordinary literary criticism what the dominating mother-in-law is to newspaper humor; the first thing turned to whenever the critic finds himself graveled for somewhat to say. As to Miss Wilkins, it seems to me that, for so successful and popular a writer, she has shown a rather exceptional self-restraint. The full list of her books comprises scarcely more than a dozen titles, or about one a year for the time she has been writing. Some of these titles, moreover, represent mere booklets; and the longest of her books is short in comparison with the average English novel. I don't know of any popular English novelist who puts out so few books as she, unless it is Mrs. Humphrey Ward; and Mrs. Ward, while she publishes only about once in two years, rarely publishes a novel of less than the English three-volume dimensions. Miss Wilkins pursues her work in a very steady and regular way. It shows for itself that she is particular about it; yet in the manuscript, I have understood, she corrects very little. She thinks out each story rather fully before she begins to write; and she especially does not begin until she has the climax and conclusion quite exactly conceived. Thus, her method is somewhat like Marion Crawford's, except that he carries the method farther, composing his stories so completely in his mind before writing them that the writing becomes little more than copying and is done as rapidly.

Another prize story contest has just been concluded and the award made. It was a contest conducted by the McClure associated literary press. The first prize—$300—went to Mrs. Martha McCulloch Williams, whose name is familiar, especially to the readers of Harper's Magazine, though she has written for various periodicals, and a great deal. Her story, entitled "Jackson's Purchase," is a story of Tennessee. She is a native of Tennessee, or, if not of Tennessee, at any rate of the south, and much of her writing has been of southern subjects, scenes and people. She lives now in New York, and has lived there for a number of years, and she could tell, if she cared to, a story of living solely by the pen that would make mighty interesting reading. She has herself done it—and with a modest heroism that is very fine.

The second prize—$200—went to a young man of Beloit, Wis., Elmore E. Peake. He submitted a story of a Yankee girl who bore herself heroically, under hard conditions, as a station agent in southwestern Georgia. "The Promotion at Rocky Ledge," is the title of it, and it is practically Mr. Peake's first literary venture.

It was practically a first venture also that won the third prize—$100. This went to Miss Marie S. Thill, on account of a Colorado story, entitled "In Gordon City." Miss Thill also lives in New York.

I am told that over 2,000 stories were submitted in this contest, and very few of them, in the way they were written, were positively bad. The common defect in them, as in all large lots of short stories, was the absence of a story. They had no plot; they were concerned, for the most part, with some slight incident, and ended with being mere sketches. They came from all parts of the country, not a state or territory but was represented. The larger number came, however, from the middle west, and probably Kentucky supplied more than any other one state.

E. C. MARTIN.

DRAMATIC AND LYRIC.

(Continued from page 11.)

visit to Hall Caine, on the Isle of Man, and is hurrying home, having sailed from Liverpool last Wednesday. She will begin active rehearsals upon "The Christian" as soon as she arrives.

Henry Miller's play, "Heartsease," is laid at a time over a century ago. The period allows for some elegant costuming. Mr. Miller opens in San Francisco two weeks from tomorrow night.

E. J. Ratcliffe's term of imprisonment on Blackwell's island will soon expire, and already speculation is rife as to what the wife-beating actor will do after he is released. The general opinion prevails that Ratcliffe will be unable to secure a position with any theatrical company in this country or England.

Up to July 20, the national testimonial fund, now being collected in London for Sims Reeves, the veteran singer, amounted to £944, about $5,000. The famous singer and spendthrift will only be allowed the interest on his money.

The play on which James O'Neill is to pin his faith next season is Joseph Hatton's "When Greek Meets Greek." It was produced by Olga Nethersole in a few cities here under the title "A Daughter of France."

Anna Held has arranged for a Red Cross benefit in Paris for the aid of American soldiers.

Mrs. James Brown Potter and Kyrle Bellew are acting in different theatres in London. It is said that this is not owing to any difference between them, but is due to the fact of the London public refusing to accept them together.

Robert Taber, the husband of Julia Marlowe, will remain in England for the present. He is under contract to Henry Irving, and will, by the latter's permission, act Macduff in Forbes Robertson's forthcoming production of "Macbeth."